IN AUNT VINA'S GARDEN

TALK WITH ONE OF THE NOTABLE PERSONAGES OF MARTINSVILLE.

The Original of a Character in Louisville Writer's Book Tells More of Her "Denominational Garden."

Martinsville, Ind., is an old town and it has some points of interest besides its healing waters. Among its old residents is Miss Celestina R. Phelps, familiarly known to the townspeople as Miss 'Tina. Besides being an interesting person herself, Miss Phelps has had the rather unusual experience of posing for a character in fiction without knowing it. She is the original of Miss Vina in "Lovey Mary." by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Miss Phelps is an elderly woman of keen intellect and a school teacher of nearly forty years' experience. She has lived for about fifty years in the cottage she now occupies in Martinsville. It is a small onestory frame house, with a little front porch and a wilderness of flowers in the front, side and back yards. For many years she has found great pleasure in cultivating oldfashioned garden flowers that do not require much care, and, being of a philosophical turn, she gradually evolved a theory that different flowers represented different denominations or types of Christians. She conceived the odd fancy of classifying her flowers according to their supposed resemblance to different religious sects, and slie elaborated the idea until the supposed resemblance became quite real to her and typical of denominational traits. Some of her flowers were Baptists, some Presbyterians, some Methodists, some Episcopalians, and so on. Miss Phelps herself is of Methodist "extraction," though liberal in her views. She found pleasure in her denominational garden theory, and it was known to her neighbors long before it got into print. One day a young man visiting her was so struck with the originality of very thing! A lady friend of mine is writing a story and she's swamped for something new. I'm going to tell her about your denominational garden." He did, and that is how Miss Alice Hegan, now Mrs. Cale Young Rice, of Louisville, author of "Lovey Mary," came to visit Miss 'Tina. The latter talked freely with her visitor without knowing that she was an author. She took her through the garden and told her all about the different flowers and their traits. Miss Hegan took notes and got all the much, but I'm out of patience with peopoints of the denominational garden theory without letting Miss 'Tina know she was human curiosity. I ain't a freak. I guess writing a book. In "Lovey Mary" Miss

cure her nervousness. As soon as Miss my schooling." Vina sees Lovey Mary's tongue she decides | To a question regarding Lovey Mary she she "does not need yaller root any more said: "No. I never had an idea Miss Hegan

myself up in one church."

MISS VINA DISCOURSES.

Then she goes on:

and I got every congregation I ever heard planted in it. I ain't got no favorite bed. I care fer 'em all just alike. When you od in startin' a garden as does in startin' a church. You first got to study what sort o' soil you're goin' to work with, then flowers are goin' to hold the best places. That's a mighty important question in

in', the thicker the better, fer in both you that you must take good care o' what you year. Once in a while some of the old growths has to be thinned out and the new upstarts and suckers has to be pulled They go out and Miss Vina continues:

flags. "They want lots of water; like to be wet clean through. They sorter set off to themselves like an' tend to their own business; don't care much about minglin' with the other flowers. These geraniums are Methodist. They fall from grace and have to be revived; they like lots of en-These phlox are Methodist too; no set color, to grow, hardy an' vigorous. Pinchfew years; now ain't that Methodist down

Lovey Mary asks if there are any Pres-"Yes, Indeed," says Miss Vina. "They're a good, old, reliable bed. Look at all these oses an' tiger-illies an' dahlias; they all snew what they was goin' to be before they started to grow. They was elected to it, an' they'll keep on bein' what they started

out to be clean to the very end."

Coming to a bed of stately lilles and azallas Miss Vina says: "There are 'Piscopals. Ain't they tony? Jes look like they thought their bed was the only one in the garden. Somebody said that a lily didn't have no pore kin among the flowers. It ain't no They most die of dignity. They're like the 'Piscopals in more ways 'n one; both hates to be disturbed, both likes some shade an' both are pretty pernickity. But to tell you the truth there ain't nothin' can touch 'em when it comes to beauty. I think all the other beds is proud of 'em, if you'd come to look into it. An' here are the Unitarians. You may be s'prised at me for havin' them in here 'long with the orthodox churches; but if the sun an' the rain don't make no distinction I don't see what right I've got to put 'em on the other side of the fence. These first is Sweet William, as rich in bloom as the Unitarian is in good works, a sowin' themselves constant. an' every little plant a-puttin' out a flow-Asked if there were any Catholics Miss Vina says: "Don't you see them hollyhawks an' snow balls an' laylacs? All o' them are Catholies, takin' up lots of room an' needin' the prunin' knife pretty often. but bringin' cheer and brightness to the whole garden when it needs it most. Yes, I guess you'd have trouble thinkin' of any sect I ain't got planted. Them ferns over in the corner is Quakers. I ain't never seen no Quakers, but they tell me they don't believe in flowerin' out; that they like cool-ness an' shade an' quiet and are jes the same the year round.

Plucking a sprig of lemon-verbena, she says: "This an' the mint an' the sage an' the lavender is all true Christians; jes by bein' touched they give out a influence that makes the whole world a sweeter place to live in. But, after all, they can't all be alike! There's all sorts o' Christians, Some stands fer sunshine, some fer shade: fer beauty, some fer use; some up high, some down low. There's jes one thing all the flowers has to unite in fightin' against-that's the canker worm Hate. If it once gits in a plant, no matter how good an' strong that plant may be, it eats right down to its heart."

. In this description of the denominational garden the author represents Miss Vina as an illiterate person, thus taking an author's liberty with the original, but she brings out Miss 'Tina's keen wit and sense of

MORE ABOUT THE GARDEN. A reporter of the Journal who called on Miss 'Tina a few days ago found her occupied with household duties, but not too busy to receive a visitor. "I'm getting quite used to it," she said. "Since last March I've had mor'n a hundred visitors a month, about 1,000 in all, and all from outside of Martinsville. I don't mind it WILL TRY TO CL MB MOUNT EVEREST



Miss A. S. Peck has an international reputation as a mountain climber, being one of the only three women who ever climbed the Matterborn. The summit of Sorata had never been reached before by man or woman. Miss Peck's ambition now is to mount Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, 5,000 feet higher yet than Sorata.

ple who act as if they expected to find a I'm pretty much like other people, but I'm Tina figures as Miss Vina. One of the most | bound to be myself anyhow.

delightful chapters in the book is entitled During the talk that followed she said: "A Denominational Garden." It is not "I never had but very little schooling, but much more than a character sketch, and it | my father had some good books and required some ingenuity on the part of the used to devour them. I used to go up in author to make it fit into the rest of the | the haymow to read and sometimes I'd go story. Mrs. Wiggs sends Lovey Mary to | 'way off and hide in the tall weeds and Miss Vina's to get some "yaller root" to read all day. That's the way I got most of

than a bumblebee," and says she will give was writing a book. Of course she got all ination or humor. Before the reporter left her a prescription. When she sees the girl about the denominational garden from me, admiring the flowers she asks her if she but she hadn't ought to make me out so loves them. "I guess I would if I had a illiterate. I never saw a book that had enance," says Lovey Mary. "I never saw nothing of national life or national history them growing out of doors like this. I al- in it that caught people like that book ways had to look at 'em through the store of hers did." To an inquiry if the author Work in This Direction Accomplished windows." "Oh, law, don't talk to me had ever sent her a presentation copy of about caged up flowers," says Miss Vina. | the book she answered she had not. "I'm "I don't believe in shuttin' a flower up in a sorry for one thing." she said, "and that greenhouse any more'n I b'lieve in shuttin' is that she left the Jews out. Now I like the Jews because they have a mighty interesting history and are such a self-supporting people. You never see a Jew in "This here is a denominational garden, the poorhouse. They take care of their own and they perpetuate themselves, too. In my garden the poppies, larkspurs and come to think of it, the same rule holds cornflowers are the Jews, because they grow so compactly they almost monopolize the soil. The Jews you know, don't take you have to sum up all the things you have to farming. They take to business and they're hard to beat at it, too. Some of my Jewish flowers keep the garden bright its defeat by an overwhelming vote. church too, ain't it? Then you go to plant- longer than any others. They are self-

seeding-once planted always planted. I was real sorry that while she was about got, an' be sure to plant something new it Miss Hegan didn't put in my Jewish flowers." Then, as she was conducting the reporter into the garden she said, with up. Now if you'll come out here I'll show an expressive smile: "I've got a Dowieite flower here now." "Why do you call it "These here are the Baptists," waving that?" was asked. "Oh, cause it has such her hand toward a bed of heliotrope and a disagreeable smell; the Dowieites are in bad odor, you know."

'Tina. The children of some of the children she taught more than thirty years ago have gone to school to her. She has which she believes to be typical of unincouragement in the way of sun an' water. written a "History in Rhyme from Columbus to the Navigation Act." It is pubin' an' cuttin' back the shoots makes it lished in folding pamphlet form, Chapter flower all the better; needs new soil every I covers the period from 1435 to 1663. "Oh, it isn't a poem," said Miss 'Tina.

"-Just puts facts and dates in rhyme so the children could memorize 'em." Sh has used it in teaching. It begins: In fourteen thirty-five we begin our rhyme, When Columbus was born in Italy's sunny clime. In fourteen hundred and eighty-four Columbus sought aid to reach our shore. In fourteen eighty-six he tried again

In this way the history is brought down | Till the bridge you need will be formed, till the ductile anchor hold, through two centuries until: In sixteen sixty we onward glide, When the navigation act comes over the tide;

And was rejected by England, Portugal and

Wherein four laws by England are given To rule our commerce from haven to haven. All imports must from England come. All exports must be sent back bome; While England fixed the price alone, Which the colonists declared could not be borne.

And, to add still further to cruel decrees, No ships but England's could plow the seas, In sixteen hundred and sixty-three Comes a repetition of the unfair decree.

Two more chapters will bring the rhyming has quite a collection of engravings repre senting historical personages or scenes. "I don't care for pictures." she said, "unless they repesent something. I don't care for fancy pictures." Yet her denominational garden shows she is not lacking in imag-Miss 'Tina gave him a large bouquet of her denominational flowers, commenting on their qualities as she cut them.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE SANITATION. by a Woman.

American Medicine The title reverend before the name of a woman is likely to give citizens of "the effete East" something of a shock. But if there are more with the valor and effectiveness of the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich., we as physicians, or as citizens of any kind, should welcome them to any office, didactic, theologic, or practical that they may find to their tastes and abilities. Charities says that through her efforts the Michigan State Legislature has passed a bill providing for the inspection of meats and the care and sanitation of slaughter-houses. Mrs. Crane had a hard fight. She was to have been notified when the bill was up for consideration, but her first word came early one morning of thirty minutes she was on a train bound for the State capital, and before the expiration of the twenty-four hours during which a defeated bill may be reconsidered. had persuaded the man who was most instrumental in defeating the masure to move its reconsideration. The rules of the lower house were suspended and Mrs. Crane was given five minutes in which to iddress the members. That day the bill passed by a vote of 61 to 19. The bill has three vital provisions: (1) Licensing butchers, not for revenue, but for control: (2) regulation and inspection of slaughterhouses outside of city limits; (3) the mini-Everybody in Martinsville respects Miss | mum requirement for cleanliness and sanitation of slaughter-houses. It is the outcome of an investigation made by Mrs. Crane of seven Michigan slaughter-houses spected abattoirs in all parts of the coun-

A Noiseless, Patient Spider.

noiseless, patient spider,

I marked where on a little promontory it stood Marked how to explore the vacant, vast sur-It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself. Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding

And you, O my soul, where you stand, Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans o Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them. Till the gosamer thread you fling catch some where, O my soul! -Walt Whitman.

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CZAR RINCIPELE

Owing to the unpopularity of the Grand Duke Vladimir and his wife, it is now considered probable that the law of succession may be changed in Russia to make it possible for Grand Duchess Olga to succeed her father on the throne. From the Czar's three other uncles there would probably be no opposition to such a scheme. Grand Duke Alexis is unmarried and has shown no inclination to take a bride; Grand Duke Sergius, although married, is childless; Paul is exiled from Russia, owing to a reckless life, and Vladimir is hated by the people.

TWENTY MINUTES OF HELL

THAT FEATURE OF STEPHEN PHIL-LIPS'S PLAY MOST STRIKING.

Other Plays on New York Stage Make Impression-Drew's "Captain Dieppe"-Two Temperance Lessons.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. NEW YORK, Sept. 18 .- The theatrical stage of this town has an access of dignity this week. Up to Monday not a serious new play had been brought to Broadway this season, but on that evening Stephen Phillips's dramatic poem on a Homeric theme, "Ulysses," was introduced impressively. I suppose that a reasonable portion of its first American audience was appreciative of the composition, which is in pretentious metre running once in a while into rhyme. What I am sure of is that the visions of hell were gazed at with shuddering interest by the entire assemblage. The scenery is the same that Beerbohm Tree's experts made for his London production. Such an exhibition would not have been possible before electricity was utilized in stagecraft. The painted canvas represents simply in sombre hues the rock sides and roof of a subteranean place. These surfaces are never more than dimly visible. The lighting is altogether in spots whenever and wherever needed for weird effect. Thus Ulysses, who enters by an aperture way up at the top, is kept in sight by a reflected illumination which hardly extends beyond his figure and which follows him throughout the act in his slow descent to the bottom of the awful cavern. The story of the play, as you may already know from reading the published book, is that Ulysses was enthralled by Calypso and held a long, passionately willing captive on her islanduntil the friendly Minerva induced Jupiter to break the spell and permit him to return to Ithaca and his wife Penelope. The condition of his release is that he shall journey has to witness the tortures of the damned. The theology of long ago has been adhered to by Mr. Phillips. Troops of women who are there because they have committed suicide, and infants forcordained to eternal torture, tread the steaming ground, float in the hot air and wail dreadfully. At intervals some famous convicts in this awful prison, such as Agamemnon and Prometheus, are suddenly illuminated into view, one after another, and each tortured in the manner described in the aucient legends. This illustration of hell lasts twenty min-

The opening night was extrinsically interesting by reason of Rose Coghlan and Tyrone Power, and not because the one did well as Penelope and the other as Ulysses, but owing to their individuality. Many of the old-timers present recalled Miss Coghlan as having once held a fond place in the Wallack succession of brilliant leading actresses, but for many years she was welcomed tremenduously. Finally, she wept with real tears. Mr. Power is one of those actors who usually disguise thempersonally to their audience. There had Two minutes of noise with voices and artistic creation and portrayal of utter accept a Frohman engagement in "Ulysses:" so, for the first time he found himself thoroughly advertised to the public. tunity to introduce himself as he really is. He wore no beard, as Mr. Tree did in Lonployed no mimicry in voice or action, but "played the part straight," as the actors put it In this disclosure of himself he reminded me much of John McCullough.

John Drew says he will never again pretend to be young on the stage. He will enact lovers, but they must be well matured in years and experience, and not callow fellows in their first experience with women. Moreover, they must have other characteristics than sexual ardor, and have other things to do than the hot pursuit of a sweetheart. "Captain Dieppe," which he has brought out this week, provides a Frenchman who is not labeled "Warranted a good man," but readily twists truths into lies, takes questionable means of making money and does not hesitate much to make love to a woman whom he believes to be a friend's wife. That is the kind of reato make the public accept him. I think the verbally with indelicate jests. Harrigan, Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhoades, have succeeded. The material to start with of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Mr. Rhoades is an American from Chicago. He obtained the privilege of basing the resulting composition to our managers without avail. At length he went to England to talk with Mr. Hope about it. And here comes in a chance to take your choice what to believe. Did Mr. Hope merely attach his name to the play? Or did he rewrite the matter? Anyway, the play "by by Charles Frhoman for use by Mr. Drew. a mother so uncommonly comic, it would The gleeful point in this for unrecognized playwrights is that the manuscript had previously been rejected by Mr. Frohman's reader and was not accepted by Mr. Frohman himself. I don't think we have to know how much, if anything, Mr. Hope added to Mr. Rhoades's play in order to see the good and sufficient reason why it was at first declined and afterwards accepted in the big Frohman establishment. Mr. Drew is understood to have a deciding voice as to the parts he shall take up. He saw in Captain Dieppe a serio-comic person who might be entertainingly different from the heroes of modern life whom he portrayed. And he was right.

There can be no dispute that considerable of the matter in "Captain Dieppe" is by Mr. Hope, as it was taken from his novelette. The captain flees from France, where he has been a hired inciter of plots against the republic, across the border into Italy, where he is invited to be the guest of a sympathizing Italian count. These men have not met before, and so it is possible for the Frenchman, according to the ingenious complication presented in the play, to mistake a maiden cousin for the wife of his host. During his stay of a few days he does things which an Anglo-Saxon gentleman would not do; but we are disposed to take them as a matter of course in this shrugging, grimacing Frenchman whom Mr. Drew characterizes distinctly. He does not gloss the adventurer's venalities, nor let him hesitate to hug and kiss the girl who, he thinks, is the wife of his hospitable friend. But he also extricates the real wife from a blackmailer's trap, wittily and bravely, and that deed balances his faults pretty well. Mr. Drew is boldly innovatory in presenting this role. Richard Mansfield has hitherto been the only American actor to take such a risk. x x #

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trolled enthusiasm as greeted Edward Har- of the family. But the elder Yeamans has belong"-the city that once took him up gives a truly remarkable tragic sketch of a and later threw him down. It is a peculiar | drink-sodden woman who mingles with and sort of lump-in-the-throat welcome home greeting that the metropolis reserves for pears in a low, East Side lodging, unkempt favorites whom misfortune has overtaken. and dirty, slovenly in her unsteady walk, Something like it greeted Sir Henry Irving when, defying financial losses and ill "Robespierre." But as Monday's audience prolonged its hubbub for Harrigan, I could | when she had utterly fallen, refused to think of but one occasion equal to it in the give her the cheapest whisky. Nothing in last ten years. That was upon the reap- | Ibsen is more awful, more tremendous in pearance of Ada Rehan, after two years of its tragic realism, more compact in its has been away from Broadway, and she retired mourning for the dead Augustin brief suggestion of a life's tragedy than Daly, and at that time she was in money this ten-minute sketch of Boozie Susie, difficulties, since reversed to wealth. Each | During its brief duration it places Harrimember of the Harrigan company was gan and Miss Yeamans shoulder to shoulselves unrecognizably in the characters greeted rapturously, and the climax seemed | der with Russia's Maxim Gorky and they assume, and are therefore unknown reached when Harrigan himself appeared. France's Bertha Bady in triumphantly been a lawsuit to decide whether he might hands were not enough. Each time he degradation. Could they, I wonder, rival quit Minnie Maddern Fiske's company to started to speak the turmoil broke out these honored realists of Europe in more afresh. He had to step out of his char- than a passing sketch. acter, before he had spoken a word of it, and give the first of what turned out to

illusion or impress a connected idea, interrupted every third minute by personal sonably selfish hero that Bernard Shaw rigan humor still was forceful and rough, nence is a destroyer of much of evening has written several times in vain efforts whether physically with slap-sticks or sale of even malt beverage thereabouts. authors of "Captain Dieppe," who are for instance, hoped that the woman he was mand for that old form of entertainment.

Oddly enough, the one in this company who did something that would make her name, were they all strangers amongst us brought few memories of the old days. New York Sun. Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhoades" was Jennie Yeamans has always been to a great brought back to New York and accepted extent merely Annie's daughter, and, with be difficult for any actress to be the star cataloguing or shelving has been going on

sings of "the fringe of society." She aprum-soaked in her speech, the degenerate wreck of a one-time stage queen, maunderingly recalling the men who started her on her downward path with champagne, and

A longer object lesson in inebriety, the And he seemed to have seized the oppor- be an evening's series of speeches of "Drink," which Charles Reade dramathanks. It looked as if the audience was | tized from Zola's "L'Assommoir," is given | The Outlook. about to quiet down and give the new play to us this week by Chares Warner, who don, but showed his bare face, and he em- a chance, when a wagon, drawn by a has played the drunkard more than three shabby old nag, brought good old Annie thousand times in London. He is a robus-Yeamans into view. Here at last was the | tiously skillful actor, and he gives a dreadclimax of mad joy when Harrigan and Mrs. | ful portrayal of the wretch who, after Yeamans stood hand in hand, applause and rising and falling from and back into the cheers were not enough now, but things horrors of alcoholism, dies a raving had to be waved-handkerchiefs, pro- maniac's death. This happens at a cutrate theater, where audiences are accustomed to intense activities, but War-With such acclaim still in my ears, it ner's throes of agony in delirium tremens would be impossible for me to give you an lawes the multitude wonderfully. The idea of the play's effect on a normal au- neighborhood of that house is bibulous at dience. It seemed incoherent, yet what per- many bars, and the temple of Thespis is fectly constructed drama, what closest-knit usually half-emptied between acts by men masterpiece of a Pinero could create an | who throng the altars of Bacchus. It is a fact within my personal observation that evation? It all seemed to be very much as is there more than the slightest exodus of of yore, Collyer and Sparks as a lazy negro drinkers. Although Warner's beverage is and his lady friend, Mrs. Yeamans as a French brandy of a particularly deadly grimacing Irish woman, Harrigan as a kind, and that of the near by bars is mild hearty, philosophizing Irishman. The Har- lager beer chiefly, his lesson in total absti-

'courtin'" would be so warm as to melt | quarter of a century ago, a translation of his shirt front. And the story of the play the French play derived from Zola's was a whimsical novelette by the author revolved around a negro corpse that had "L'Assommoir," and I don't think that other profit than that which can be debeen some weeks out of a grave, and, it be- Reade's dramatization is in the least origiing midsummer, simply couldn't be above | nal with the famous English novelist. But ground any longer. But it was ever so I suppose his name counted for something with Harrigan. There have been better in London. Irving seemed to think so a comedy on Hope's narrative, and offered | Harrigan plays, and worse, and the fate of | when he used it, and of course paid well "Under Cover" depends on the public de- for it, in connection with a version of "The Lyons Mail," which differs in no way from the French original FRANKLIN FYLES.

For Librarians to Consider.

A LITTLE ROYAL ITALIAN PRINCESS

Here is a subject for discussion at the next Congress of Librarians: The development of a system of scientific classification of books for purposes of

and subdivisions of literature, as recognized by the librarian's profession, are the product of much thought on the part of many expert and enthusiastic minds. The system ought to be pretty near perfection, yet it sometimes produces results that seem queer; as for example, when, in the latest co-operative bulletin of the Brooklyn public library, these two books find themselves together in the same class of "description and travel: "Hilprecht, H. V. ed. Exploration in Bible lands during the nineteenth century. The resurrection of Assyria and Babylonia "Society list and club register of New

York, with residences and club addresses and the maiden names of married ladies. This is odd enough to be the result of a mistake in classification; but it is manifestly not accidental. In the same catadivision, the Count von Kielmansegge's "Diary of a Journey to England in the Years 1761-1762," is cheek by jowl with the city directory of Waukesha, Wis. There is, of course, a scientific reason for this, but has the scientific classification of literature reached its last refinement of

OUR IMMIGRANTS.

Some of Them Have Virtues That Will

Improve American Traits. Whatever may be the safeguards, however, which we may adopt in the future, we have already hundreds of thousands of allens in this country who are strangers to our laws, our customs, our language, to the whole spirit of our life. Like all strangers, they huddle together in communities of their own. They not only speak, but they think and live, in Italian, Slavonic, Yiddish, They dig American ditches, they mine American coal, they cut American garments, but they no more become Americans thereby than a cow becomes an American because she eats American grass. What shall we do with them? The chief thing to do is to believe in them. They are not all living under the garbage-dumps. Go into an Italian tenement and see there more courtesy than exists in many a New England village. among the Slavic population of a mining town and find there virtue that would shame many an indigenous American community near by. Go among the poor Jews of New York and find there more family loyalty than in most homes on Fifth avenue. This Italian, this Slovak, this Jew, is different from the Yankee. Suppose he does not become a Yankee all at once, is that any ground for contempt or fear of him? Is not a character that is a bit firmer than wax worthy of respect? Is it not somewhat vainglorious in us to imagine that all good will come to him only as he becomes like us? Is it wholly preposterous Augustin Daly brought out, nearly a to fancy that in return for what we give ican civilization to be measured wholly by wages and votes? Cannot America get scribed as economic or political? It seems to us that we may expect something from races that have created the art of Italy and the wild music of Hungary and Poland. Down in the foreign quarters on the East Side of New York there is more evidence of sheer delight in the beautiful than can be discovered in all the annals of conscientious New England. The evidence may

to our own advantage as well as to theirs. CHICAGO'S CURIOUS LARD DEAL.

be only in a fiddle, a bit of colored cloth,

a little puppet show, but that, to use

Carlyle's expression, "as compared with flat

nothing, is something very considerable.

It is of first importance to make sure that

only those be admitted to this country who

have aspirations for economic and political

freedom; but it will be well to remember

that these same incoming aliens have other

aspirations—or perhaps, more exactly, instincts—which we of well-to-do America, too

commonly ignoring them, might cultivate

Third of World's Supply Now Held

New York Post. Swift's lard deal is attracting the attention of the trading world. It is the largest deal of the sort ever handled, putting all others in the shade. There is about 100,000 tierces of lard here, mostly owned by Swift, This week he has had to pay for about 50,-000 tierces, involving the expenditure of \$1,500,000. The peculiar feature of the deal since the price was around \$10 in April. when stocks were only 13,000 tierces.

is that Swift has steadily accumulated lard What the object was in buying the highpriced lard in the face of a steady increase in stocks is what has puzzled the trade, It has been popular to sell lard short up to within the past week, the shortage at one time aggreagting 200,000 tierces. This has been reduced one-half. Lard in Chicago is relatively higher than in any other market, and there is about a third of the available stock of the world held here, the price is attracting lard here from Eastern and Western points, and it has been comomn of late for packers in Indiana and Ohio to buy hogs here, ship them to their packing houses, and reship the lard here again for delivery. In one day this week 2,750 tierces were received from outside packing points. This is taken as an indication that the Swifts will get all the lard due them by the end of the month. That they will be able to get rid of the lard eventually with a profit no one has any doubt, but it is believed that the proposition will take some months to work out.

Drunken Monkey on a Tear. Shamokin (Pa.) Special.

A monkey broke loose from a cage in William Helshue's restaurant early this morning, and, uncorking a bottle of whisky, drank until he was intoxicated. Then he grabbed a bottle and knocked a lot of flasks of liquor to the floor, broke bottles of wine and caused a loss of \$50. Helshue, who was in bed alseep when the monkey started out on his jamboree, was awakened by the sound of crashing glass and hurried to the scene, prepared for He captured the monkey after a lively struggle and locked him up.

TOWNESS YOLANDE STRAIN. Yolande is the eldest daughter of the Kin g and Queen of Italy,